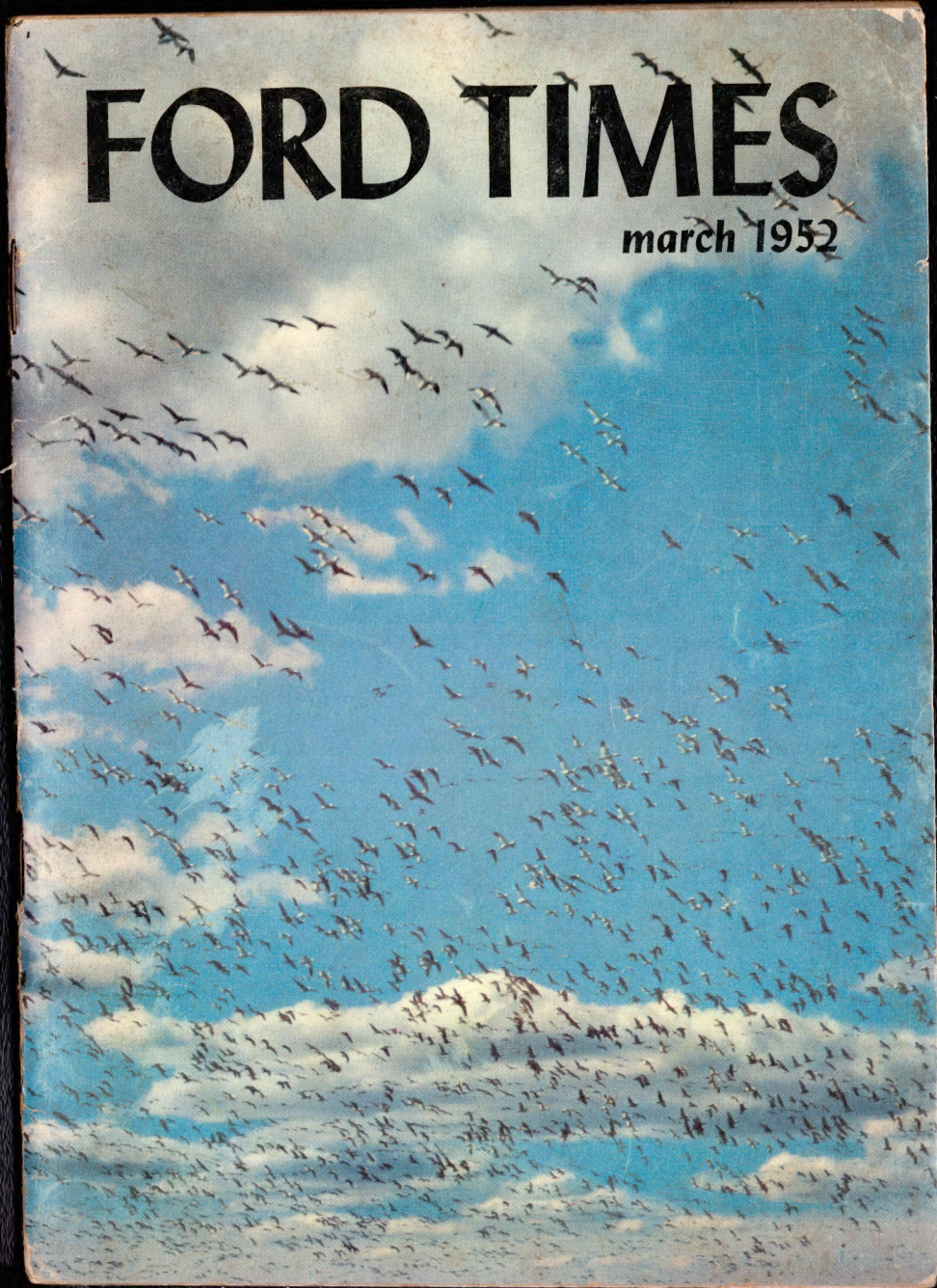


FORD TIMES

march 1952





SPRING Creek Hatchery near White Salmon, Washington. Columbia River King salmon—also known as Tyee, Spring and Chinook salmon—come to this conveniently located hatchery to spawn. Over 20,000,000 salmon eggs are taken at this hatchery alone. Several hundred salmon can be discerned at the entrance to the fish ladder at the upper righthand corner of the hatchery. This operation is part of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service's promising efforts to readjust the salmon's natural reproduction habits to man-made obstacles in the form of giant hydro dams. This drama of the Northwest is described by Donald Kennedy in "The King and the Kilowatt," page 19. Photo by Ray Atkeson. ■

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Boston Go Bragh

by Robert Hodesh

paintings by William Barss

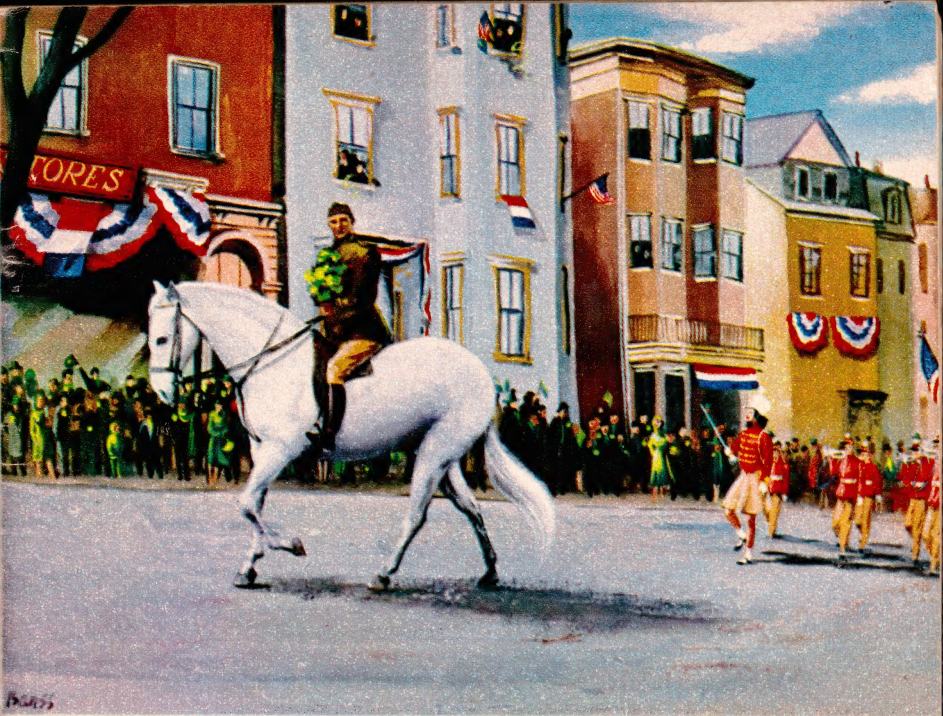
THIS is not a story of Proper Boston. Perhaps it isn't a story at all, but an effort to distill an essence as lyric as Irish logic and as elusive as the peat smoke of Erin.

This essence is Irish Boston. It is nowhere else to be found, they say, but in Heaven and in Eire. It is a mood comprised of a tear, a poem, a laugh, a quarrel, and a song. It comes into your heart through the brawn and vituperation, and the bright ring of an Irish tenor trying to sing *Kathleen Mavourneen* on the brick sidewalk of C Street at midnight.

From Beacon Hill Boston, a long throw with a half-brick will reach Irish Boston. Down in Perkins Square or on Dudley Street, you will begin to find the essence in embattled nicknames: Horsebite Sullivan, who once tried to steal some oats from a feedbag; Mule Sweeney, whose left hand had the power of a battering ram; Bobbler O'Toole, whose Adam's apple used to jump like a cork if he held more than two pairs in a poker game; Hornpipe Slattery, who used to sing, "Away with the horn, away with the pipe, away with the fife and drum"; Squelchie Dugan, whose job was to squelch rumors during political campaigns; and Blunderer Murphy, who once said: "I heard it with me own lips."

Irish Boston isn't something you can see, like the Old Granary Burial Ground, the Union Club, or perchance a strolling Cabot. It was patented in Ireland by the grandmother of the grandmother of the late Mother Machree and thence rerouted through the Irish sections of the city. The Chamber of Commerce can't sell it. You catch it in the air, or find it in the Irish gift for getting fun out of life and tempering sorrow with song.

That's why they sing, *The Night that Paddy Murphy Died*, and *Steve O'Donnell's Wake*, and *Nobody Knows What's Happened to McCarthy*.



St. Patrick's Day, South Boston, with Knocko MacCormack leading

Irish Boston's chief delight is its long running rhubarb with the British Empire and the Republican Party. But the Boston lads also delight in fighting among themselves. They do this because they love one another, or for practice, or because it's fun to "give somebody the leg," or "the South Boston rib."

One night in a barroom Shaver Lundigan was upholstering his ego with drafts of Old Potstill. When he felt as brave as seven men, he decided to pick a fight with the mighty Mule Sweeney. He told Mule that the Irish were growing weak. He blamed Mule for the weakness. Mule, he said, was at fault for tolerating orange, *orange* street cars on South Boston tracks. Too late, poor Shaver realized that he had gone too far. The Mule's wrath rose, and his great fist doubled slowly. Shaver was in terror.

"Hold, Mule!" he cried. "You're a Christian!"

"All but me left arm," roared Mule, and leveled Shaver to the sawdust.

At a "come-all-ye" in International Hall in Roxbury I met Tim McCarthy, who had lately arrived from the old country. When I told him I was in Boston to write about the Irish, he said: "Take no information from a Dubliner on faith. They are not patriotic, and they lie."

Soon afterwards, in Dorgan's, I met a Dubliner and asked him what truth, if any, was in the allegation.

"First," he said, "let me ask you this man's name."

"McCarthy."

"Ah, yes," he said. "And you—are you Yankeeborn?"

"Yes."

"Then you wouldn't be apt to know that McCarthy's kind come mostly from the County Cork. Liars, all."

"Well, little harm," I said. "Don't you consider yourselves all equal?"

"Equal? Perhaps," he said; and, tapping my chest with his forefinger, added: "But I'll have you to know it's a poor Dubliner who is not superior to his equals."

An even more predatory pride brings Dubliner and Corker together in fierce array when the Republican Party and the British Empire are said to be planning attack. Rumors still go out that the Black and Tan have hurt a member of the Irish Republican Army. On hearing such talk, true patriots of Dudley Street have been known to launch arrangements for chartering a boat back to Erin to wreak vengeance.

And merry Tom Dorgan, Clerk of the Suffolk County Superior Court, said this to me in a brogue as lovely as Tipperary in the spring when I asked him about the Boston Brahmins, the descendants of the Mayflower Pilgrims: "I'm a D.P. myself—not a displaced person, but a 'delayed Pilgrim.'"

A true charmer, this Tommy, and like many of Boston's Irish, he is just as proud of having passed an immigration test as the Brahmins are of their ancestry.

Charm is an Irish ingredient. I kept coming back to it, even while I noted Boston's unsurpassed Irish deeds and triumphs: its great men of religion, such as Archbishop Richard Cushing and the late Cardinal O'Connell; its many



sons and daughters who have entered the religious life; and its boys who won Congressional Medals of Honor.

Irish Boston also reserves a good part of its pride for its famous brawny men, including Hambone Kelly, Honey Boy Finnegan, and the great John L. Sullivan, the nonpareil, the Boston Strong Boy.

But the charm came up and through all this, like a subtle permeation. There was Dinny Flavin, a fine broth of a boy. "Dinny," said I, "did any of the elves, gnomes, or leprechauns come over from Ireland?"

"Only the tinkers," he said.

"Do you believe in them?"

"No—but they are here!"

One fixture of South Boston, brought over from the ancient ways of the old country, is the Kerry Wailers, a group which hires itself out to wakes to cry, "Wurra, wurra."

And there's the one about Maurice Tobin—the Dashing Maurice—then mayor of Boston, now Secretary of Labor. At a meeting of the Shamrocks in a restaurant near the State House, Maurice felt moved to entertain the lads with song. In his clear Irish tenor, he was prepared to sing *The Wearin' o' the Green*, but had no musical accompaniment. So some of the loyal sallied forth to City Hall and returned through the street bearing a pump organ, and against the background of its pipes the Tobin tenor trilled.

Paddy Coogan, who helped transport the organ, loves Boston almost on a par with the straight Democratic ticket and the sod of Ireland.

"Paddy, do you think you'll ever go back?"

"No. But if I was to take off me two shoes and place them on the sidewalk, sure, they'd find their way to Erin."

The Irish, more than any other people, seem to turn the English language into music. Any day of the week they can string up a bow of pure poetry; they're gaited that way. One day the boys were sitting on a South Boston stoop talking, nobody knows why, about death. One old tad spoke up thus in a lyric brogue: "May I niver die nor be kilt, but fade away, like the daisies."

On St. Patrick's Day, you can almost—almost—touch the Irish essence. In Boston, St. Patrick's Day is also Evacuation Day, when the British were thrown out of the city before the Revolution. Not even the Irish know which event they greet with greater enthusiasm. Knocko MacCormack, South Boston's

best known citizen, leads the parade; and, faith, it's a beautiful thing to lay eyes on a hundred miles of Irishmen marching through Perkins Square with their shillelaghs, and warmed, almost to a man, by the ale flown over from Smithwick's Brewery in Dublin for the occasion.

But even with your heartstrings fluttering, even on St. Patrick's Day in Perkins Square, you cannot quite touch the essence. It's there, and it stirs you, and lights you like the charm. It's mystic, and it's bright and elusive. It's quicksilver. Where else can the human ear detect a paean in a dirge, or sorrow in a laugh? Here is a myth and a meaning, a roistering tenderness, nobility and beauty of spirit.

Through all, there is a note of drama, of leftover laughter and the perfume of the political cigar. For the vote is the vital symbol of loyalty. And loyalty in Eire, Boston or Paradise—which are here synonymous—is the incense of the Irish, and I love it!

Go Bragh!—which means forever.

Dorgan's Old Harbor House



Weep No More, My Wapiti

by Ken Thompson

photographs by Ernst Peterson

THE WAPITI, North America's large deer, sometimes incorrectly called "elk," has a prodigious appetite and can eat itself out of house and home if not properly managed.

This was the prospect faced recently by a great herd living in Yellowstone National Park. The big animals had prospered but had exhausted their winter range.

They thus faced starvation, and extinction of their food plants. With a doomed herd on their hands, sportsmen got together to work on the problem.

The most logical solution would appear to be an invitation to hunters to harvest the surplus game, but this wouldn't work with the Yellowstone herd. The wily wapiti had an extra sense that told them where they were protected, and they collected in the safety zone of the park while hunters waited unsuccessfully at the boundary. Thus, during hunting season as few as fifty animals would be taken by the hunters.

Since hunting alone did not solve the problem, the conservationists hit on the idea of large scale trapping and transplanting. Last year park officials built three mammoth traps and baited them with fifty bales of hay.

Lured into the compounds by the sweet fodder, the big animals were penned off by experienced trappers who herded them up narrow chutes and into the department's Ford V-8 trucks. In this manner 287 were trapped in the first attempt.

Then this portion of the hungry herd was trucked over mountainous roads, through mud and snow, to new homes where forage is plentiful, and where hunters can have a sporting chance to keep the herds thinned down to proper size. ■

Above right: Game truck being loaded at Mammoth Springs wapiti trap.

Below right: Another loading scene at Yellowstone National Park.



Nature's Model T

by Pete Barrett

paintings by Charles Culver

ANYONE who has seen what my southern friend Emmett Gowen calls a "passel of possums" has witnessed the unique in animal transportation. An old lady possum will come trudging along on flat feet while her family rides up top, rubbernecking like typical country kids. Sometimes there will be six or seven beady-eyed youngsters hanging on to fistfuls of fur in opposing rows along their mother's back.

It is a slightly swayful ride but the passengers never seem to mind. Perhaps they know that no other creature in the country travels in such plushy elegance, cradled between the axles, so to speak.

You could say that the mother possum serves as a roadster, since she has a rumble seat too, even if this is underneath in the form of a pouch. Once when I surprised a possum family traveling as a group, the mouse-sized young-

sters pulled a magic disappearing act. There was a brief, lively scene as they scrambled about the mother's sides, then she appeared alone—her offspring had taken cover in her pouch.

Nearly everything else about the animal is equally astonishing. It produces broods of up to eighteen in only twelve and a half days. The babies are so tiny at birth that an entire litter can be contained in a tablespoon.

Blind, with only the front feet fairly well developed, the mites crawl into their mother's pouch to begin nursing.

As there are at most thirteen nipples and a baby usually remains fixed to the first one it comes to for five or six weeks, casualties occur. In fact, after a month the pouch may contain only seven or eight. But the survivors are well cared for. Two or three litters are raised in a year.



"Lady in waiting"—possum out on a limb.

Possums spend a lot of time in trees and often make their dens in hollow trunks. For the fancy footwork of the treetops, nature has given the animal hind feet that resemble human hands. The big toe can be opposed to the other toes—which have claws for climbing—the way a person's thumb opposes his fingers. But the big toe has a nail. Tracks look like a child's hand prints.

A long, scaly tail which the possum can wrap around a branch serves as an aerial emergency brake. In fact, the creature can do just about anything with its tail

that a monkey can.

I doubt though, that a possum ever sleeps while dangling by its tail, as folklore has it. Or that a female ever carries her young suspended over her back, their tails gripping her tail.

A farmer once warned me never to pick up a live possum by the tail. Said it would squeeze my hand in two. I'm sure he believed this.

Possums are night gadabouts and will eat just about anything from bats to blueberries. Because of this night foraging and a retiring nature, few people realize that

the animals are to be found in nearly every state. Sometimes they succeed in living in almost complete anonymity close to big towns. Once, driving out of New York City in the early morning, I saw one crossing a parkway well within the city limits.

Around the turn of the century the possum was considered pretty much a southern animal. Down in Dixie it had been hunted for generations with any breed of hound that could make music in the night, and still is. But gradually it extended its range, particularly northward. Recently possums have turned up in southern Ontario. Some of this travel has been accomplished by hitchhiking, for possums have been seen sneaking out of produce trucks in the North after a free ride from a warmer climate.

This northward migration has led to certain discomforts. The animals are not true hibernators, and only remain in their dens for a few weeks at a time in bitter weather. In northern states the merest hint of a letup may bring them out, with frostbitten ears and tails as the price. Twice of an early morning near my home in Connecticut I have seen possums with badly split ears, the reward of chilly night work.

The expression "playing possum"—meaning to feign injury or

death—has been around so long that many are unaware of its origin. But every possum knows about it and if forced to will play the game to the hilt.

I remember the time a friend and I came upon a possum cornered by a farm dog. The possum was backed against a split-rail fence, flashing an ugly mouthful of teeth at the dog. Apparently our presence was just too much, for suddenly the animal fell on its side as if dead. I picked it up. The critter was as limp as a widow's veil. Shaking it produced no reaction at all.

When I put the possum down its mouth came open and its tongue lolled on the dirt. Death seemed absolute. And the dog showed no interest in the "carcass" now.

We withdrew a few yards and Howie threw a stick for the dog. A moment later the possum got up and slipped under the fence.

This was an average performance, solid and convincing. There is some medical evidence that the death scene may be a genuine faint brought on by fright. But what about the fortuitous escape? This is always so deft a part of the routine that I prefer to believe it is the act of a master showman. Since the Model T possum gives free rides, why not a free show once in a while?



Culver's painting, on the page opposite, depicts what the author's friend, Emmet Gowen, might call "a passel of possums in a high state of suspension."



Desert Hacienda

by A. W. Werner

photographs by Josef Muench

LIKE many another retired person, Gus Petzel likes to spend his winters in Palm Springs, California. But his name is not on the register of any of the town's many resorts; in fact, finding his winter residence is rather complicated. "Go north two miles," his friends tell you, "until you come to a wash in the road. Just beyond is a cross-over that heads westward toward a very large rock. Behind that rock lives Gus Petzel." But don't look for a house: Gus, at age seventy-five, lives in a 1930 Model A sedan.

He bought the Ford six years ago when a severe attack of neuritis prevented him from continuing in his trade as a foundry worker in Marion, Ohio, and sent him westward, seeking a constant sun. With salvaged materials he converted the car into the most condensed edition of a one-room apartment that ever rolled a mile.

First he removed all the seats and built an open-top box to fit behind the hinged, backless stool he devised for a driver's seat. By fitting a box spring snugly on this box, he had a dust-proof wardrobe as well as a bed. To provide clearance for his feet when he stretches out full length he cut out the lower third of the steering wheel.

A number of cross bows mounted inside the car roof support several layers of fibre board for insulation. The kitchen-dinette consists of a metal shelf running from the door to the rear of the car (*picture, below right*) with a single burner gasoline stove at the back. Flanged shelves above and below hold dishes and supplies.

Everything is so well battened down that nothing gets broken when the Ford is on the move. Furthermore, the conversion isn't obvious from the outside: Gus once parked a long time on a downtown Los Angeles street and got no attention whatsoever from passers-by until he invited the cop on the beat in for a cup of tea.

In his desert location (*above right*) Gus has all the niceties of home: a garden (of cactuses), outdoor fireplace, outdoor cooler, and even a "window" to shelter his workbench. ■



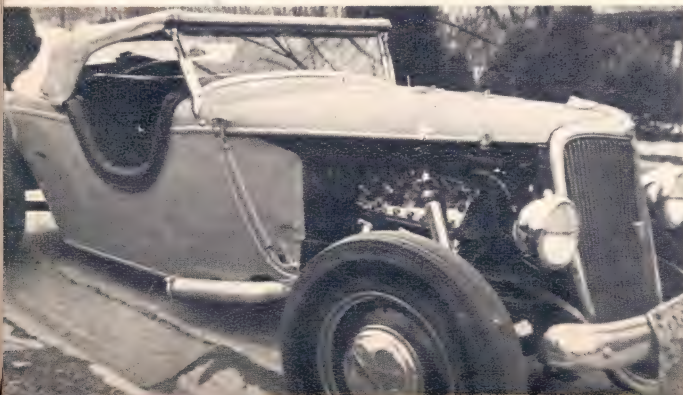


CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

by Burgess H. Scott

THE HOBBY of customizing cars old and new is spreading about as fast as any fad in the country. In support of this we herewith offer examples from Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, and New York State.

Pictured upper left, with the owner alongside, is a '49 V-8 convertible made over by J. A. Wright, Ford dealer in Covington, Virginia. Wright says the car is the result of a life-long yearning for a sports car in which "I wouldn't meet my Waterloo every mile on American highways." Wright approached his job by sawing the car in two lengthwise all the way around, through doors, fenders, grill, and trunk. Then he removed the upper half and sawed around again, removing a slice four and one-quarter inches deep. The engine is souped



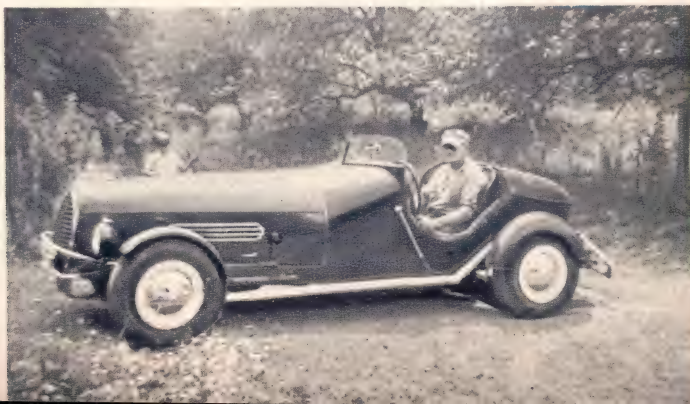


up to 182 hp at 4800 rpm with the addition of overhead valves, special cam, double ignition and exhausts, and over-drive. Wright says stepping on the gas is like pulling the trigger on a machine gun.

At lower left is a '34 V-8 roadster built by Melvin Fried of Baltimore for about \$2000 as a street job. Engine refinements include special crankshaft, flywheel, dual carbs, and cam. Filled and milled heads provide a compression ratio of $9\frac{1}{2} : 1$ to develop 184 hp. The car was clocked at 124.73 mph.

Upper right is a '35 roadster rebuilt by Dallas R. Kremer, employee of the Ford dealer in Bellevue, Kentucky, during spare time shop hours. The engine is stock and original.

Spencer Shepard, former Air Force mechanic and now a garage owner near Poughquag, New York, built the long-nosed number pictured lower right from parts of several makes. The engine is a souped-up '48 Ford V-8. He hammered the body out to his own specifications. Front fenders are from motorcycles and turn with the wheels.





The King and the Kilowatt

by Donald Kennedy

photographs by Ray Atkeson

THE COLUMBIA RIVER's king salmon is currently the protagonist in the Northwest of one of applied biology's greatest dramas. The king's food value annually exceeds twenty million dollars and his worth to sportsmen is incalculably great: yet the salmon of the Columbia has Progress as his worst enemy. The dams erected on the Columbia's main stem block the path to his vitally necessary upstream spawning grounds; spillways and whirling generators threaten millions of his inch-long "fry" on their instinctive race downstream to salt water. To save the annual run of about 500,000 of his kind is the object of a small but dedicated group of U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service workers. They seem to be succeeding.

Only a few years ago, there were no dams—no aluminum plants crying for electricity, no atomic works at Hanford, no pleas for irrigation water. Then, the king could range up the Columbia to his headwaters in Canada, and as far south as the Snake in Idaho. His fry swarmed down in high water in the spring to spend their four years in the Pacific, then retraced the ancestral path to spawn and die. The only dangers the salmon had to face were the occasional paw-swipe of a black bear, and Indians fishing from cliffside stagings with long-handled dipnets—as they do even now at Celilo Falls by an old treaty right. Then came Progress, confronting the salmon first with the logging dams on the tributaries, then with larger, more forbidding structures on the river itself.

Work to save the salmon has been proceeding on several fronts ever since the threat was first recognized. Soon after the first big dams started going up, the fishway was developed as a means of getting the fish over the dams. Salmon are capable of jumping small falls and rapids but not cascading spillways; hence these easy "staircases." Bonneville, the first Federal

*Above left: Indians fish Celilo Falls on the Columbia by ancient right.
Below left: Engineers use a "fish hook" to get salmon over McNary dam.*



←Crew (at right) constructs a "ladder" for salmon of Scappoose Creek.

dam on the main river, was equipped with a two-fishway system at a cost of seven million dollars.

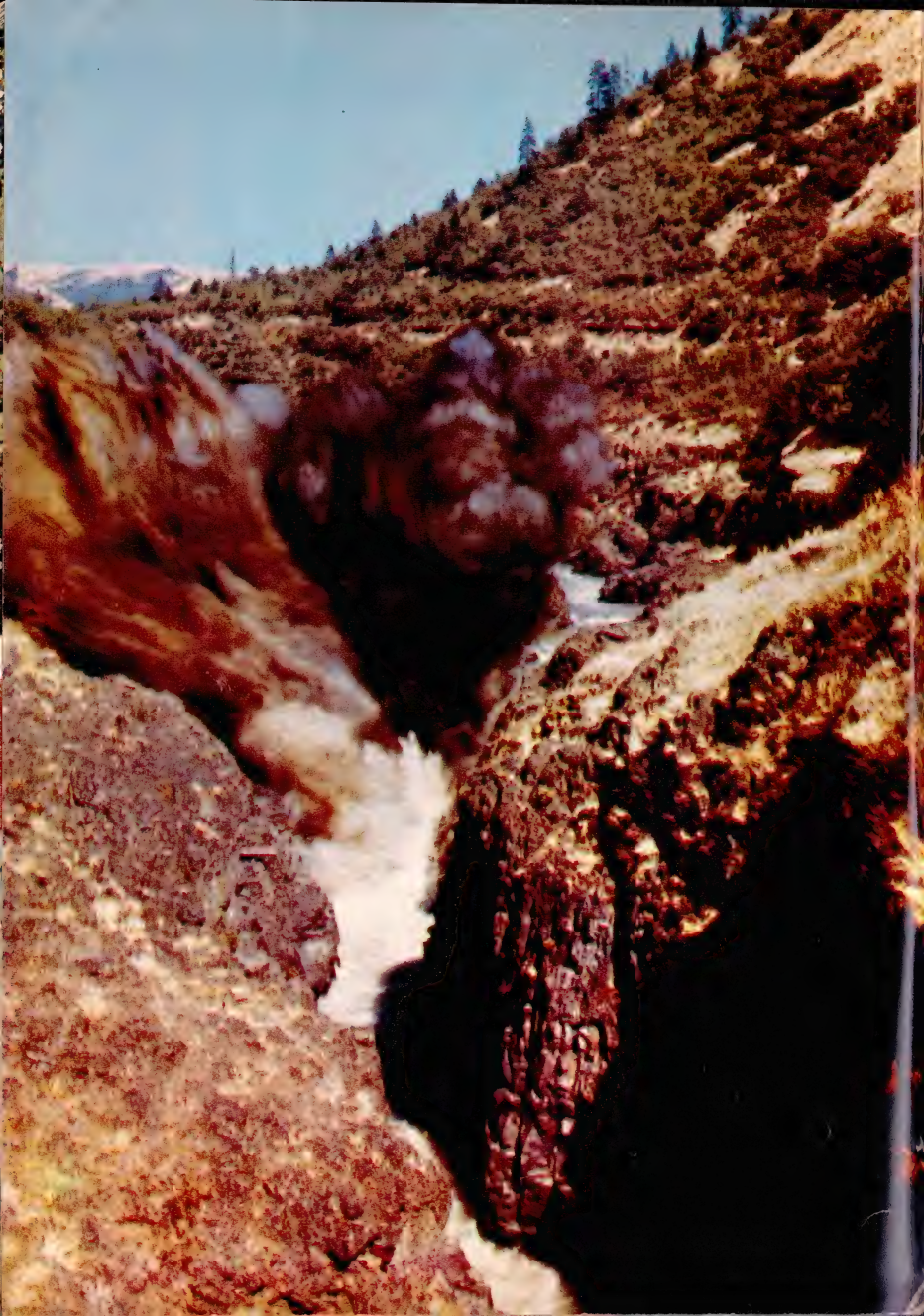
When Grand Coulee, world's biggest dam, was completed far up the river in Washington, it was impossible to include a fishway in the plans. As a result, hundreds of miles of upriver spawning grounds were closed forever to the salmon. Also as a result, the Fish and Wildlife Service embarked on the most dramatic phase of the save-the-salmon campaign.

It is now well-established that the salmon returns to his (or her) native stream to spawn; thus the generations of fish spawning in one tributary make up a "strain." The Government set up trapping stations and artificially "spawned" fish after they were caught; young fry reared in this way were trucked downriver and placed in tributaries below Coulee to make a home to which they returned to spawn four years later. The whole run of fish which formerly spawned above Coulee was transplanted, without loss, to the lower river. In the new scheme to negate the effect of proposed dams, the Service hopes to concentrate the run even further in the lower tributaries of the river—for engineering plans envision the future Columbia as a chain of sixty-nine huge man-made lakes, blocking upstream tributaries and eliminating all spawning areas in the river itself.

Other objectives in the so-called Lower River Program include the screening of diversions (water exits in the tributaries which lead salmon into a dead-end maze of irrigation ditches); blasting of log jams and splash dams (obstructions left over from early logging operations); and construction of fishways over natural falls to open up new spawning territory. Since the Service has learned from Operation Coulee that artificially trapping adults and rearing their eggs to fry increases survival percentage, Federal hatcheries for this purpose are an important point in the Lower River Program. So is a pollution cleanup on the Willamette River. As one Service biologist says, "When the crayfish start crawling out on the bank to die, it's time to get busy!"

The key to the whole problem, everyone working on it admits, is research. The Fish and Wildlife Service hopes to get an appropriation of several million dollars to study all the aspects of getting fish around obstructions. Otherwise the big

←A fish counter records another king salmon at Bonneville Dam station.



investment in fishways may be wasted. Now, the fish too often mill around below a dam for several days before finding the ladder up. Since the amount of stored energy necessary to take the salmon to his native stretch of stream seems to have been calculated in some mysterious way, such fish often "run out of gas" before they reach home, and fail to spawn. Reactions of migrating fish, including orientation or choice of a path, need much study before a foolproof fishway can be developed. Plans tentatively include an experimental laboratory built right into the Bonneville fishway. As one biologist sees it: "Imagine a long glass room eight feet high, full of water. Swimming right past you are all the migrating fish of the Columbia, waiting to be experimented with, in their natural state. This has to be, because during the moment in a salmon's life when he is headed up to spawn, his reactions are going to be just a little different from his normal or predictable ones."

This is just about half the story. What about the other half—the path downstream followed by helplessly vulnerable fry fish no more than an inch long? In the perilous journey past Bonneville alone, natural loss is estimated at fifteen percent. At this rate, several more dams would annihilate the run. Although survival of fry has been increased by artificial rearing methods, much of the research on obstructions will be devoted to cutting still further the loss of young fish.

Work like this is vitally necessary. It can save a fishery resource whose value exceeds twenty millions a year—and it can do more. The booming Pacific Northwest is looking ahead. It has seen what happens to over-industrialized areas which, in the frenzy of smoke and steel, forgot to provide for fun—and it does not like the picture. The people of Washington and Oregon would like to be able, fifty years hence, to launch a boat as they can now in the center of a Columbia River city and have a good chance at one of half a million salmon, average fighting weight fifteen pounds. Biologists and dam-builders, working together, can produce both the king salmon and the kilowatt instead of sacrificing one for the other. And the grandchild of today's Northwest fisherman will still fall victim to that sublime brand of dementia which makes him think "Aah! That spring run!" whenever someone mentions the Columbia River. ■

←Blast removes waterfall from Klikatat River canyon. Salmon now run up.





Contrast in Black and White

photographs by Robert P. Holland

HERE are two buildings that tell a tale. The white structure is the Rockingham Meeting House, situated on a gentle roll of hill near Bellows Falls in the Connecticut River Valley of southern Vermont. The black one is the celebrated House of the Seven Gables in Salem, Massachusetts. Both give a good account of New England architecture.

Rockingham, which even today has a population of only a few hundred, was frontier country in 1753, when the meeting house was begun. Pioneers who abandoned the relative ease of coastal life wrested a hard livelihood from Vermont's stony fields, and the Puritanical faith they lived by was as hard and uncompromising as the land.

Their buildings reflected their life, and this meeting house is a good example of it. Its lines are sharp, square, and almost cruelly simple. In the Grecian motif over the doors there is a minimum concession to elegance and frivolity. The glass in the many-paned windows, unevenly set by hand, reflects the morning and evening sun in a diamond-like burst of brilliance, but this was merely an accident of the times. The total effect is of flinty honesty and thin-lipped beauty.

The House of the Seven Gables is another matter. It indicates what spaciousness, elegance and richness could be bought with the money from the merchant trade. Its beauty comes from the mellowness of age (it was built in the late 1600's) and the unending fascination of its gabled construction. There hangs over it at the same time a certain grimness and mystery, deriving from the witch-ridden life of early Salem—of suspicion, denunciation, false accusation, and torture in the name of righteousness.

For many years people have visited the House of the Seven Gables as a literary pilgrimage, although Nathaniel Hawthorne denies having had a specific house in mind when he wrote his novel. The literary association is strong, nevertheless. In any case, it is a wonderful house to see.



Old-Fashioned Straw Ride

by Chet Shafer

paintings by Robert Collins

IT WAS a Straw Ride to live in mem'ry.
I mean the one out to Uncle Chancey and Aunt Addie Ortons', when they lived in the big red brick house in the grove of rustling oaks, out on the Old Anglin' Road—and Aunt Addie made butternut sandwiches with homemade bread for everybody in the party! And all they could eat!

It must have been along about this time in the winter, because some promoter with vision was always getting up a Straw Ride to fit into the theme of St. Valentine's Day—providing opportunity for practical applications of the tender sentiments expressed in the lacy, perfumed presentations.

And it was likely the year that the big snow fell early in November, when the records showed either 116 or 119—authorities differ—straight days of sledding.

That night, the thermometer stood at 10 below zero and Roy Gleason furnished the rig and did the driving.

They met at the Library—early—and every girl had at least four petticoats on, including one for such occasions made out of a family flannel blanket worn a little thin.

Roy had his big wagonbox down on his bobs—board seats built along the sides and the back—and clean straw in the bottom.

The roads, under the clear starlit sky and a near full moon, were drifted. In some places Roy had to turn out through the fields, and at Cotherman's Corners, when he couldn't hold in his steaming bays, there was a hilarious tipover—spilling everybody out.

It took a good two hours or better to get out there, before the guiding lamps in the windows showed through the trees. But Uncle Chancey had the stoves booming in the parlor and the sittin' room, and a good fire going in the range in the high-ceilinged kitchen. And he was scuffing around in his slippers because his felt boots, wet from doing chores, were drying in the open oven.

Soon, the games were under way—Spin the Platter to start off with easy. Then, with music from the organ, we'd dance:

*Happy is the Miller, who lives by the mill,
The mill turns 'round of its own free will,
A hand in the hopper and another in the sack,
The right steps forward and the left turns back.*

Another dance went along with the song:

*The needle's eye that does supply
The thread that runs so truly,
There's many a lass that I have passed
Because I wanted you-ly!*

The tempo rising briskly, someone called for:

*Hitched my hoss to a hick-ry stump,
Pulled like the devil, but he couldn't pull it out!
Hey! Jim-a-Long! Jim-a-Long-a-Josie!
Hey! Jim-a-Long! Jim-a-Long-a-Jo!*

The tireless energy of youth, and it seemed like the house might collapse to its foundations the way the floor shook . . . and the prisms clicked on the hanging lamps!

And they got a game of Postoffice started too . . . the office

in the bedroom off the sittin' room where the cloaks and overcoats were piled. Blushes . . . giggles . . . simpers . . . guffaws!

But by that time Aunt Addie, wisely, had those sandwiches ready. She had cracked all the butternuts herself, and got out the "goodies," almost whole, with a hairpin. She made the filling up with a boiled dressing.

And there were milk pans heaped with popcorn . . . popcorn balls . . . fudge . . . sparkling vanilla sugar cookies with a raisin in the middle . . . cider by the pitcher . . . and wedges of apple pie! Close to midnight . . . and Roy went to the barn to hitch up . . . they got their things on.

Uncle Chancey out with his lantern to light the step up on the reach in the back . . . loaded in . . . yells . . . and the start toward town. The creak of the harness as the bays strained up a hill . . . Roy threshing his arms.

But it wasn't long before the couples, one by one, slid off the board seats into the straw on the bottom . . . under the blankets. All the couples but one. One of the girls—her name was Nellie—refused. She sat right up there, straight, with her escort, in the frigid moonlight and the biting wind that



swept off the fields. Because she had promised her mother, in order to go, that she wouldn't get down in the wagonbox!

At the Library, all piled out—the girls vaulting down into the arms of their swains. Roy—who froze his ears that night—delivered where he picked up.

They hurried through the main street . . . packed snow creaking under their rubbers and arctics . . . a main street with a single dim light showing through the frosted windows of Dave Breese's Snug Restaurant . . . a main street deserted except for Lester Kennedy, the Nightwatch, bundled in his ulster, who sang out, heartily:

"It'd be gittin' late if it wasn't gittin' early!"

Back . . . wrenching open a gate in a picket fence that had iced shut . . . trying not to make any noise . . . a hasty good-night . . . the fresh frozen feminine fragrances . . . and the young man who went with Nellie refused to see her to her door. He took a short cut up an alley. And she went home alone.

Straw Rides . . . Valentines . . . the bounding pulses of the Postmaster at the bedroom door announced "a package for Casper!" And Casper was you!

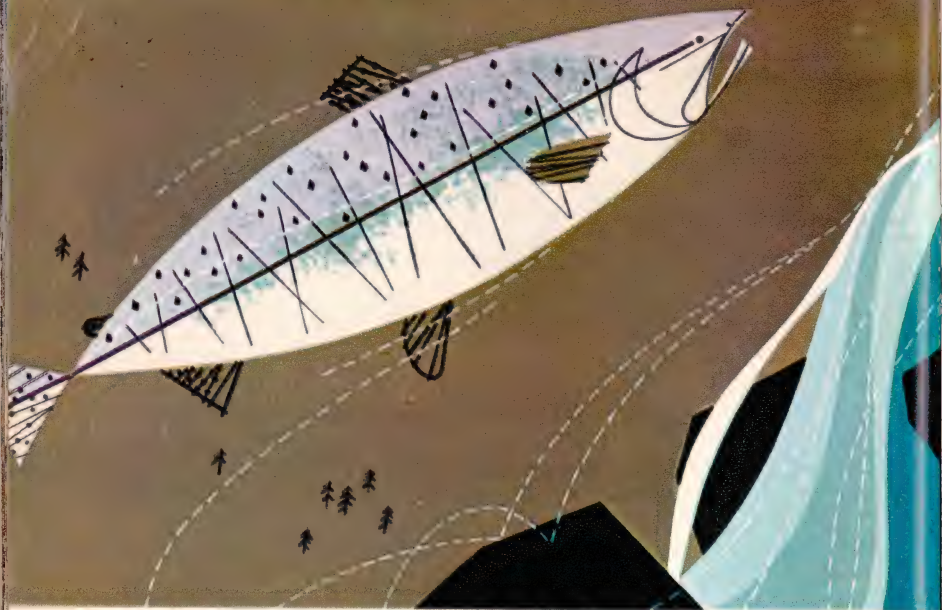
Sometimes they went out to Oyster Suppers at a Church . . . sometimes to Box Socials, in another town . . . or a dance in a lodge hall up two flights of cheerless, dimly-lighted stairs . . . but sounds of high revelry beyond! They went any place where there was room enough and a Welcome.

But that one down at Uncle Chancey and Aunt Addie's somehow was one of the best . . . with the butternut sandwiches still to be remembered after most of the romantic touches are forgotten.

And did Nellie get invited on another ride? No. But did she linger on through life a lonely, ostracized Old Maid? No. One of the best-situated bachelors in town heard about her and they started goin' steady right away . . . she was just the kind of a girl he was looking for! And she's a grandmother now—perhaps a dozen times over!

But, for that matter, so are all the others.





↑ *King Salmon*

↓ *Large-mouthed Black Bass*



Eight Familiar Fish

designs by Charles Harper

A GREAT many readers have requested reproductions of the paintings appearing in the FORD TIMES. Usually it is impossible for us to grant these requests because of the cost of full-size color plates. In this issue, however, we are experimenting with a group of designs of eight familiar fish, executed for us by Charles Harper and especially planned for silk-screen reproduction so that copies suitable for framing could be offered to FORD TIMES readers. They are shown on the opposite page, on the following two pages, and the inside back cover of this issue.

Mr. Harper painted the watercolors illustrating the fishing story, "Cincinnati Pay Lakes," which appeared in the April, 1951, FORD TIMES. These paintings received so much favorable comment that both artist and topic seemed ideal for the current experimental series.

We think Mr. Harper selected his subjects well. First, there are four of our most noted game fish: the chinook, or king salmon, of the Pacific Northwest, leaping the falls in characteristic style; the rainbow trout, prized everywhere by fly fishermen; the large-mouthed black bass, so widely sought by both plug casters and flyrod specialists; and finally the muskellunge. The others are four of the commonest panfish, beloved of boyhood, but of interest also to fishermen everywhere: the catfish, of southern rivers and ponds, the crappie, the yellow perch, and the sunfish.

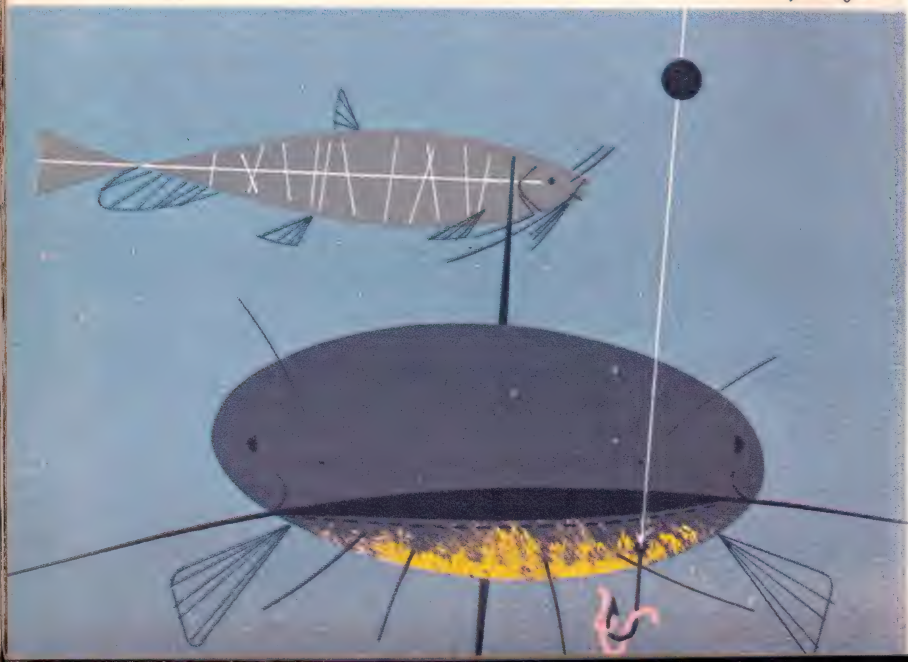
Mr. Harper's highly decorative designs are particularly adapted to reproduction by serigraphy, or silk screen printing, a method which affords only slightly less intimacy between artist and viewer than does an original painting. The clean-cut flat areas of color, the sharp lines, and the textures of the original designs are reproduced with extraordinary fidelity.

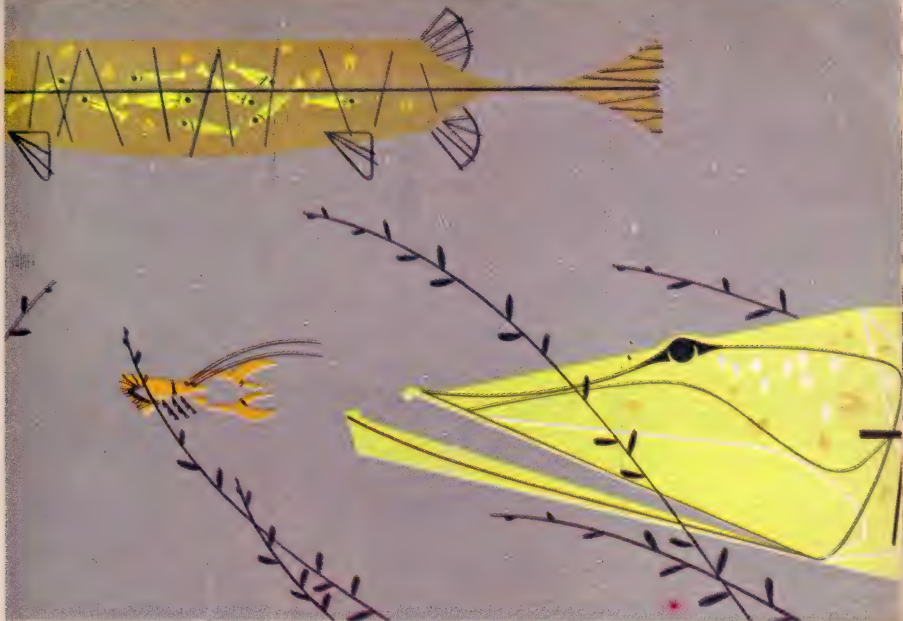
These hand-screened prints are available unmatted at \$5 each, plus 35c per shipment for packaging and mailing. Each print is 15x10½ inches. (Suggested mat size, 19x15 inches.) Address your inquiry or order to Charles Harper, % FORD TIMES, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan. ■



↑ *Crappie*

↓ *Catfish*





↑ *Muskellunge*

↓ *Yellow Perch*



Trek of the Rod Maker

by Richard L. Neuberger

photographs by Roy H. Wolford

WHEN Hadley Webster first drove down the shaded streets of Gladstone, Oregon, he spoke the same words that Brigham Young uttered on first glimpsing the Salt Lake Valley: "This is the place!" Three thousand miles out from New Haven, Connecticut, this young man with the athletic shoulders was looking for a good location to continue his life's work, which is making fishing rods that will cast a fly twenty paces and drop it right on the tapering nose of a steelhead.

Gladstone seemed just right to him for two reasons. First, anglers living there had sent all the way to Connecticut for some of his rods. And second, a mustached Englishman on a world tour once had fished in the roaring reaches of the nearby Clackamas and written ecstatically to his friends in far-off India, "I have lived!" The Englishman was Rudyard Kipling. If the riffle below the piers of the Gladstone interurban bridge was the choice fishing realm of Kipling's travels, then a *Kim* fan like Hadley L. Webster could do no better than to settle there to make fly rods which Kipling would have treasured.

Ever since his legs became sturdy enough to hold him upright in a surge of whitewater, Hadley Webster has been fishing, and he has been making fishing rods almost as long. In 1948 he was building rods in a New Haven plant when he noticed that seventy percent of the orders came from states west of the Continental Divide. Hadley was a native of Maine and his wife, Gizella, was born in Connecticut, but they could not let these deep ancestral roots keep them from seizing an opportunity.

"Why ship rods out to the Clearwater and the Salmon and the Columbia?" Hadley demanded rhetorically one night over coffee. "They ought to be made right there on the scene. And besides, I should be in business for myself."

"Right!" said Giz. "When do we start?"

So began a great adventure. Their prairie schooner was a twenty-eight-foot house trailer pulled by a brand-new Ford sedan. Lewis and Clark had shot a route across America with muzzle-loaders, aiming at bison and big horns and bears.



Hadley Webster at work in his Gladstone, Oregon, rod-making shop.

Hadley Webster did it with a hand-made spinning rod, and his targets were Dolly Vardens, rainbows and grayling. Wherever water murmured near the highway he parked the lumbering trailer and whipped out his equipment, but as he neared the sundown rim of the nation his luck got progressively worse. An empty creel became the rule rather than the exception.

Finally, in Yellowstone National Park, a fellow fisherman—a retired rancher from California—showed him why. The Gardiner River was clawing with white-capped talons at the bank below the parked trailer. Hadley started to wet his line in the quiet pool at the foot of the rapids as he would have done in New England. But the rancher shook his head. “Fish the riffle itself,” he ordered. “That’s where you’ll find fish on this side of the Divide.”

Hadley was skeptical, but he obeyed. Later, when his basket was nearly full of brown trout, he knew himself to be as much a Westerner as Jim Bridger or Kit Carson—a convic-

Here is some of Hadley Webster's finely made fishing tackle→

tion he has never lost. Today, in Gladstone, he specializes in rods which will keep a hand-tied fly alive on the tons of hurtling ice water which glaciers and snowbanks send downhill off the steep slopes of the Cascades, the Olympics, the Seven Devils and the Selkirks.

He does most of the work himself, with only casual assistance. A three-piece fly outfit contains 142 component parts, many of which Hadley makes in his shop on a beveling machine of his own design. A young woman in Gladstone, who is invalided with arthritis, attaches the metal guides that hold the line. Another invalid ties the life-like flies and mosquitoes which Hadley features with his rods. Giz sews together the gray cloth bags which enclose the finished rods. Hadley's maximum output is only about a thousand rods a year. "Of course," he admits, "that allows for plenty of hooky so I can test the equipment properly."

About half of Hadley's rods are sold through retail outlets in the Northwest; the other half go directly to sportsmen who have literally beaten a path to the workshop on the Clackamas. His most popular product is a two-piece steelhead spinning rod—ideal for the man who can afford only one. "It's heavy enough for steelhead and bass," says Hadley, "but light enough for trout. It can double as a fly rod or a spinning rod."

Hadley, who recently celebrated his thirty-ninth birthday with a feast of a twenty-two-pound Chinook salmon that he caught off the Columbia's stormy bar, considers his experience an example of the opportunity that can await folks who span the Rockies in quest of a fresh start. In Oregon he has built not only a new business, but also a new life for himself and Giz and Hadley II, age three. He is an officer of the local Rod and Gun Club, a member of the Gladstone Planning Commission, and chairman of the Red Cross drive. Best of all, he lectures to fish and game students at Oregon State College on how to make fishing equipment and where to use it. The future forest rangers and game wardens are particularly impressed by his ability to cast with either hand and still retain pinpoint marksmanship. "They call me a switch-hitter," he volunteers with a grin.

All the mysteries of water and life intrigue Hadley Webster

On their cross-country trek, the Websters fished—and fished→



now, and he has some interesting answers to some of them. He thinks, for example, that steelhead get fat because the aquatic food of the sea is richer provender than that of fresh water. But most of all he is fascinated by the fact that a salmon spawned in one of the Columbia's 10,000 brooks invariably returns four or five years later to that precise riffle, to spawn and die.

"At the wheel of the car, or when I'm standing at the beveler and splitting Tonkin cane," says Hadley, "I try to figure that out. It keeps me occupied when I'm varnishing rods and making the joints fit together smoothly. How does that poor, doomed fish know when at last he's home? Does the water feel different, or is it the current, or the pebbles on the bottom, or has he measured the miles from the ocean?"

The pilgrim from New England steps outside his labyrinth of vises and lathes and benches and strolls down toward the trilling Clackamas, where the author of *Puck of Pook's Hill* stood so long ago.

"You know," he muses, "I'd give my best spinning rod to know whether Rudyard Kipling wondered about that, too." ■



"Yes, I heard you, dear. Will you please stop barking?"



Church in the Rockies— a one-picture story

story and photograph by C. J. Burgess and K. C. Nichols

COLORADO was still a territory in 1872 when the church shown above was organized. It was a land of newly-discovered precious metal and thus a lure for the lawless. Avarice, gun play, murder, thievery and general skullduggery reigned supreme, and therefore, in the words of the church record book, it was worthy "as a field of Christian labor."

An indication of how hard a row it was to hoe is seen in the quotation from one of the church's early ministers, who resigned in 1877 saying, "It requires more than human wisdom to manage a church in this community."

Nevertheless the church held on and today it still serves the people of the town of Fairplay, ten thousand feet high in the Colorado Rockies. The bell in the steeple was hung six months after the church was dedicated, and its pleasant tone sounds on days of worship over a region of impressive natural beauty. ■

Granite and Mr. Gipson

by H. M. Parshley

paintings by F. Wenderoth Saunders

GRANITE is beautiful and everlasting, but cement is cheaper and easier to work. Hence these tears.

Near the turn of the century it was important in the world of a small boy, born on steep Winthrop Street, that at the foot of the hill, near the station, the air should be filled with the high, clear ringing of chisels on stone, and that down the dizzy grade should trundle past the house great wagons with six or eight spans of horses, hauling heavy loads from the quarries over the hill to the shed of the Italian stonecutters, by the railroad tracks. And little of all this now remains.

Hallowell is said to be the smallest city in the country, and travelers know that it has one of the best hotels in Maine; but its granite industry is gone—almost. The great shed still stands, a forlorn warehouse, but the colony of skilled Italians has long since disappeared, leaving only a few second- or third-generation offspring to color the New England scene. The two quarries remain, half filled with water, but only the granite foundations now show where once stood the boarding houses and stables that took care of innumerable men, horses, mules, and oxen. A tall derrick rises in the main quarry from sixty feet of water, and all around a scrub growth of birch and evergreen softens the stony terrain.

The curious visitor, however, notes another big derrick, set on a higher level, still well guyed with steel cables and fitted with its antique hand winch, still apparently in good working order. And he may hear the sound of a single sledgehammer dealing rhythmical blows somewhere down below, behind the bushes. If the visitor shows himself the hammer stops, and a gaunt, hardy figure clambers up over piled blocks of waste stone. It is Lewis Gipson, author of the peremptory signs posted about—KEEP OUT U, NO FISHING U—who combines ownership, management, and labor in one capable personality and single-handed stands between the Hollowell granite industry and oblivion.



Old derricks and granite blocks at Mr. Gipson's quarry.

Mr. Gipson's career is the epitome of the American Dream: he began at the bottom, and now he owns the business. His ancestors were Bath shipbuilders, and his family migrated to the island of Vinalhaven, whence, as a boy of fourteen, he came to the Hallowell quarries in 1894 and got a job turning the big hand winch ten hours a day at six dollars a week. As the years passed he became stonecutter, blacksmith, machinist, learning the ins and outs of the industry at first hand and growing up in the rough and tumble of life among the brawling, big-moustached quarrymen, teamsters, and other muscular characters of the labor force. These boys, says Mr. Gipson, were paid off in \$5 gold pieces, which tells us how far we have come since those vanished days.

Big names—governors, generals—were in the front office in the early Twenties when Hallowell granite built New York banks, the Manhattan Bridge arch, the state capitol at Albany, and the Houston, Texas, post office, after nearly a century of continuous production. As a contemporary circular



of the firm puts it: "Hallowell Granite has established a reputation as one of the finest grained, lightest colored granites obtainable. No stone is too large, up to the limits of transportation, and neither time nor exposure appreciably affects the crystalline whiteness and

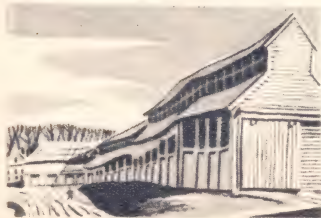
stainless texture. Delicate carving and massive dignity combine to produce an effect of enduring beauty."

But times, tastes, and technology change, and before long all this came to an end. Mr. Gipson's explanation is simple: "They begun to lose money on jobs." The generals and the teamsters departed, but Mr. Gipson remained. Finally he bought the property, doubtless for a song, moved the rococo trolley station to his yard for use as a shop, and now undertakes to quarry out in person the blocks for tombstones and other items needed to fill occasional orders.

At sixty-nine he is back where he started, turning the hand winch and sharpening drills in his little smithy, but he is the happiest man you are likely to meet in a month of touring. For he loves granite and he owns the works. The light of enthusiasm fires his eye as he shows you the layered "headers" of fine white granite and scornfully contrasts them with yellowish "sappy" deposits of inferior stone. With his pocket knife he picks out the soft material of the narrow cleavages that separate the massive headers. "There's the goddam soapstone, right there, just where the good Lord put it." He shows you how he splits off a great block from the header, by driving iron wedges into a row of holes he has drilled, and how, working alone, he drags a weight of tons from its immemorial resting place, using wooden rollers and the big derrick.

He has stocked the quarry water with shiners and bullheads, the former to furnish food for the lake trout he intends to bring in sometime.

Now and then he finds dead fish left by trespassers on his ledges: "Sneak in here and catch 'em, they will," he says, "and then leave 'em to die. 'Tain't no way to do." Hence



his warning signs. But Mr. Gipson is no grouch, if you treat him right, and in warm weather he encourages swimming parties to enjoy his clear, cool water.

In the shop across the road you see another side of the Gipson personality. The room is littered with fishing rods, outboard motors, antique lamps and furniture, tools, and snowshoes in fine confusion. There are piles of quarry photographs, taken in the good old days. "I'm going to show 'em, sometime," he says, "if I ever git the machine fixed up," indicating a battered old wooden stereopticon. Mr. Gipson's artistic urge is expressed in various forms of handiwork. He mounts animal heads and horns on fantastically shaped baseboards, some of the horns ornamented with fixtures for electric lights. And there is a gondola, complete with lofty prow, cabin, and erect gondolier—made chiefly out of birchbark. The Gipson aesthetic is all his own, like everything else about him. He works to please himself. "Tain't for sale," he says, if you ask about some item. No, Lewis Gipson, naturally not; the good life is not for sale—that's your message, isn't it? ■

Spidery guy poles web the old quarry.



Jesse James Died Here

paintings by Harrison Hartley

OUT-OF-TOWNERS on a tour of St. Joseph, Missouri, often ask to be shown, first of all, the house where Jesse James lived and where he was shot to death. The place is shown on the opposite page, above a picture of the very room where his celebrated career was brought to an end.

The story of his life is a hard one to pin down, because more than half the incidents attributed to him are prefaced by "it is said" or "it is believed." But this, at least, is certain: After the Civil War, in which he fought for the Confederacy as one of Quantrill's guerillas, he embarked on a widespread series of holdups in which dozens of people were killed and thousands were impoverished, those being the days before bank deposits were insured.

Yet Jesse James, once feared as a killer and hated as a robber, is now revered as an American Robin Hood. Why?

Apparently, one way to change from criminal into folk hero in America is to be good to your mother and be shot in the back. Jesse James fulfilled these qualifications and had others to spare. He had courage and stamina. He and his men ranged all the way from Kentucky through Oklahoma and up into Minnesota, covering thousands of miles on horseback.

On April 3, 1882, Bob Ford, one of Jesse's lieutenants, crept up the hill to the house shown here, where Jesse lived under the name of Mr. Howard, and fired for the \$10,000 reward. The slug went through Jesse's head and hit the wall near the door in the center of the picture. For a long time, the owner of the house sold bloody splinters from the floor for a quarter apiece until new boards had to be inserted. Then ox blood was spread on the fresh wood and splinters were sold again.

Jesse's memory is kept green by the murals which Thomas Hart Benton painted for the state capitol in Jefferson City, by the popular ballad of Jesse's life and death, and by the fact that every so often, to this day, some old codger crops up and claims he is Jesse James.



BIRDS ON TOUR

by George Heinold

painting by Claude Peacock

THE HUMMINGBIRD, tiniest of all our feathered neighbors, transports his thumb's-length of bright plumage each year all the way from Brazil to Alaska and back again. Blackpoll warblers also regularly wing the 7000-odd mile distance between South America and Alaska. The wheatear, a small bird seen in northern Europe, Asia, and America, has no qualms about commuting between Greenland and Africa. He is, in fact, the only land bird who regularly uses this route. And then there are the cliff swallows which, flying from South America to northerly points in the United States, scorn the popular and less wearing air route across the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. By picking a course northwest through Central America and Mexico, they add 2000 miles to an already long journey.

Sea birds have long navigated distances that would have paled Columbus and Magellan. A black-headed gull banded at Rossitten, Germany, was later recovered at Vera Cruz, Mexico. Nesting gulls of other species have been banded on the English coast, to be later retaken in both Newfoundland and Labrador. Hopping oceans is an old story to the gulls.

To the Arctic terns, the annihilation of great spaces is merely routine as they shuttle between their breeding and wintering grounds. Nesting within 500 miles of the North Pole, their favorite wintering range is 11,000 miles away in seas touching the Antarctic continent. Their migration distance each year adds up to 22,000 miles!

The longest over-ocean flights for shore birds are those flown by the golden plovers. Pacific representatives of this family share honors with the turnstone, another plover-like bird, in 3000-mile crossings from Alaska to Hawaii.

For the sportsman, no sight is more stirring than the V-formations of wild geese and the clouds of ducks that darken the skies as they wing southward over the country's flyways in the autumn. From their breeding lands, which extend from the Arctic coast to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, they honk their way to the Gulf of Mexico, alighting en route on favorite bodies of water and in cropfields for food and rest. The majority of the wild duck family follow similar flight plans. It was only after the contributions of American sportsmen restored their breeding grounds in the



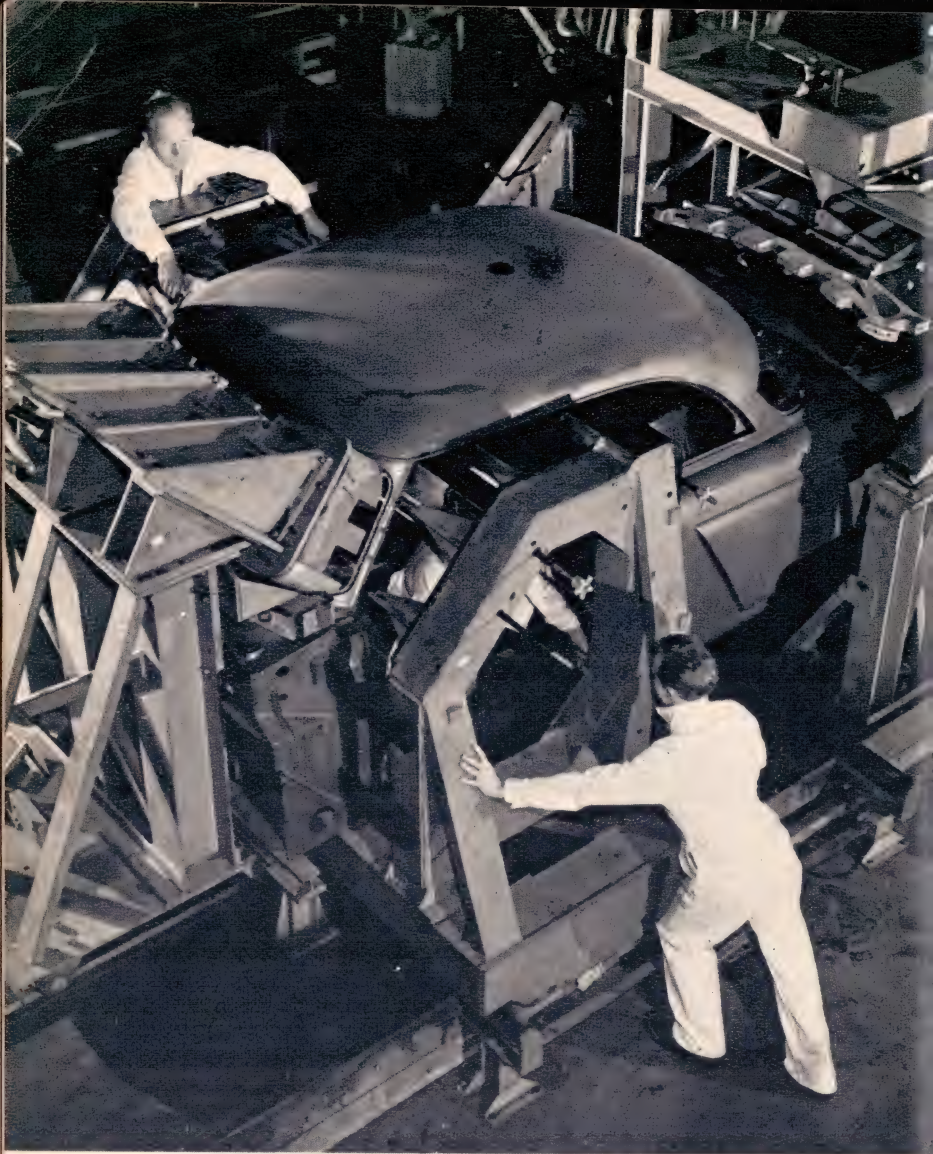
Most of these birds have traveled far to winter in southern waters. Above the horizon, left to right: Carolina wren and ruby-throated hummingbird. Just below the horizon, left to right: cardinal, little blue heron, osprey, yellow-breasted chat. Next in line: coot, egret, kingfisher, redheaded woodpecker. Bottom two: redwinged blackbird, ruddy duck.

provinces of Canada under the program of *Ducks Unlimited* that many species of this beautiful and valuable bird were saved.

Although their flights aren't as picturesque, many of our common songbirds are also indefatigable tourists. It seems incredible that the indigo buntings we often see making their springtime journey to Ontario have passed the winter in Cuba or Central America. But the songsters do get around. Rob-

ins, bluebirds, wrens, thrushes, thrashers, pipits, warblers, orioles, sparrows, nuthatches, finches, martins, and gnatcatchers wing north to nest and south to winter. Their journeys vary in distance from our southern states to Mexico and Central and South America.

It's too bad that our migratory feathered friends don't speak our language. Their observations might be most valuable to us in these troubled times! ■



Ford uses the new Kirksite process for producing body panels, making possible production-type cars for testing purposes.

Accurate Pilot Models

SECRET construction of the seventy-three full-size pilot models of Ford Motor Company's 1952 cars was accomplished with a process that resulted in a test fleet unequalled in accuracy and quality in the automotive industry.

It is as simple as pouring metal into a mold.

Virtually eliminated is the picturesque and traditional, but time-consuming, necessity of hammering out by hand over wooden forms the hundreds of sheet metal body parts that heretofore made up a pilot model.

Using Kirksite, a soft-metal, zinc-based alloy, engineers made dies from plaster duplicates taken directly from hand-made mahogany die-models. The dies are ready for use almost immediately after casting for stamping out limited quantities of experimental body parts.

In contrast, the tougher production dies, which must be able to stamp out hundreds of thousands of metal panels during actual year-long production, are cut from special steel that takes months to make.

The older and slower hammer-formed method of building pilot models produced weaknesses in body panels and thinned down the metal until it was under-gauged, conditions that would not occur in actual assembly stampings.

The new process produces stampings that are as accurate and of the same high quality as in actual production. Sections or panels which were made in two or more pieces are produced in one piece as later called for in production.

Ford was the first automotive manufacturer to turn completely to the process. Tools and special equipment costing more than \$500,000 were developed to make a unique stationary assembly line for pilot models.

This new line, consisting of heavy-duty jigs to hold body panels and sections in position for welding, was designed to get accuracy similar to actual assembly production throughout the country.

Eliminated was the necessity of holding the pilot-model body panels in place for welding with temporary supports or by hand.

The result was assembled pilot models that meet exactly the specifications of the engineers.



Grand Canyon of the East

by H. B. Dumbleton

photographs by Clifford E. Matteson

ONE MORNING in 1857 William Pryor Letchworth, a wealthy businessman from Buffalo, New York, walked along the Genesee River in western New York, looked about him, and rejoiced. The clear river tumbled over a great precipice before twisting through a deep gorge of shale and limestone. Majestic trees hugged the edge of the chasm, and everywhere there was a profusion of autumn color. But Letchworth's pleasure was suddenly spoiled when he happened upon a half-ruined saw-mill, surrounded by the debris of lumbering: a litter of sawdust, piles of slab, and stumps where towering pines once stood.

He made up his mind to save this magnificent wooded canyon from further devastation. He bought a thousand acres along the river and built a home there. Friends and strangers alike enjoyed his hospitality for years, and when he died he deeded the land to the state.

It is now part of Letchworth State Park, located on State Highway 39, about fifty miles southwest of Rochester and the same distance east of Buffalo. It has been affectionately dubbed, "The Grand Canyon of the East." Within its limits the Genesee roars and swirls for seventeen miles, cutting into cliffs almost six hundred feet high, and plunging over three major waterfalls, plus a few lesser ones. The 107-foot Middle Falls is the second highest (Niagara is first) in eastern United States. Half a mile above it is the Upper Falls, 70 feet high; three miles below it the river rushes over the 70-foot steps of the Lower Falls. Still farther downstream, Wolf Creek cavorts in a 300-foot cascade.

At the Upper Falls the canyon walls are sheer and barren, but farther downriver the basin widens and the banks are covered with heavy growths of maple, elm and pine. One of the most popular times for visiting the park is in the fall, to

←The "Grand Canyon" in winter . . .



see it as Letchworth first saw it, when frost has transformed this great green carpet into flaming color.

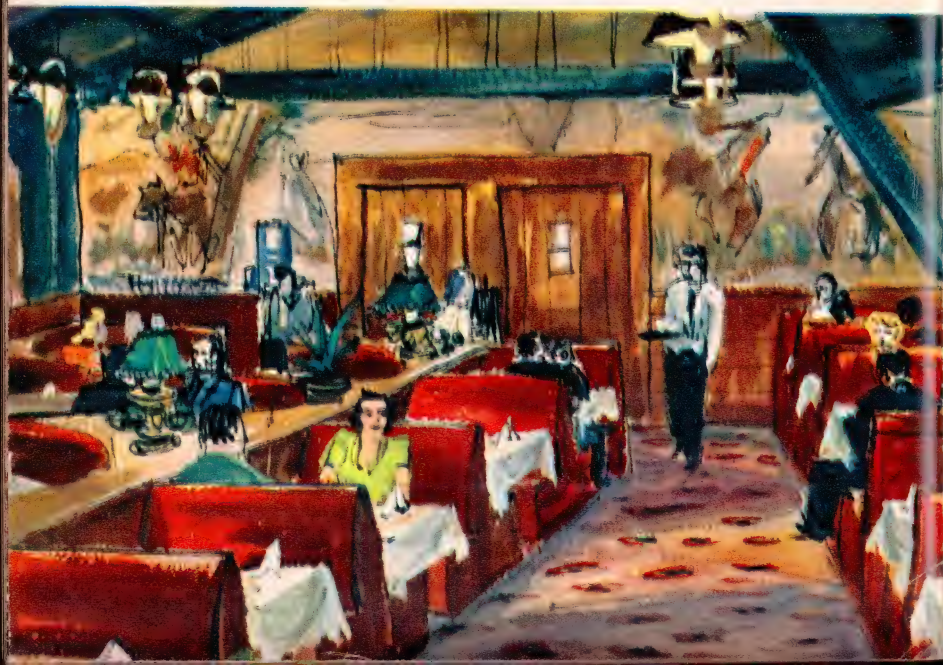
Natural freaks are numerous. Best known among them is the "Flume," a channel which the river has cut through soft rock, fifty feet deep and only eight feet wide. But man has also left his mark. Energetic visitors cannot resist climbing the steep embankment to the Erie Railroad bridge, a quarter of a mile above the Upper Falls. The original bridge on this site was famous for many years as the largest wooden bridge in the world. Built by the Attica and Hornell Railroad in 1852, it stretched across the canyon 253 feet above the river. Constructing it taxed the most advanced engineering know-how of the nineteenth century, and required over 1,500,000 board feet of lumber. Twenty-three years after its completion it was destroyed by fire. The present steel bridge was completed in the record time of forty-seven days.

A few hundred yards south of the bridge is a dark cave that recalls a less successful engineering venture. In 1840, the heyday of canal transportation, the Genesee Valley Canal Company decided to cut a tunnel 1,082 feet long, 27 feet high and 20 feet wide through a ridge of solid rock in the canyon, to avoid building many costly locks. Sliding shelves of rock forced the company to abandon the project, but the engineers did succeed in penning the canal at the very edge of the cliff, 100 feet above the river, where it can still be seen.

The park is criss-crossed by hard-surfaced roads and over fifty-five miles of footpaths, which lead through a 400,000-tree arboretum and to the park museum, picnic areas, an archery range, cafeteria, swimming pool, cabin areas and lookouts along the gorge. Letchworth's home has been transformed into a hotel, "Glen Iris Inn," and scattered through the park are five groups of modest cabins which rent for as little as \$1.25 a day for three persons.

Letchworth's original thousand-acre tract is only a small part of the seventeen-square-mile state park that bears his name, but without his gift there would be no park. The people of New York are grateful to him, but if he were still alive he would no doubt be equally grateful to them. The state's far-sighted administration of the park he founded fulfills his dream of preserving the beauty of the "Grand Canyon of the East" and enabling thousands of visitors to enjoy it. ■

← . . . and in autumn .



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Round House, California

Pan Fried Chicken

Chicken, cut up
Seasoned flour
Frying fat

1 tablespoon water per pound chicken

Heat $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 inch layer of fat in a large skillet until a drop of water sizzles on it (about 350°). Place floured chicken in skillet. Start browning the meat pieces first, skin side down, slipping less meaty pieces in between as chicken browns. Do not crowd. Use tongs or spoons for turning to avoid piercing through coating and skin. When chicken is uniformly brown, 15-20 minutes, reduce heat, add water, cover tightly and cook slowly

until tender, 20-40 minutes, depending on size and thickness of pieces. Turn once or twice to assure even cooking. Uncover last 5-10 minutes to recrisp skin.

Located at the southern end of the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco, this glass-walled eating place affords an unobstructed view of the Bay area. Open for breakfast, lunch and dinner daily.

←painting of Round House by Katherine Westphal

←painting of the Golden Nugget by Arnold Mesches

Golden Nugget, Nevada

Baked Pork Champvallon

8 half-inch pork chops
2 pounds potatoes, sliced
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound onions, sliced thin
Chicken or beef broth
Salt and white pepper

Dip pork chops in flour and sauté until brown. Mix potatoes and onion slices together. Place half on the bottom of a baking pan, lay pork chops over them and then another layer of potatoes and onions. Season with salt and white pepper. Add broth to level with the ingredients. Cover pan and bake 45 minutes, at 350°.

If after a hard day's ride you've come upon a good eating place only to find that it closed ten minutes before, you'll appreciate the Golden Nugget Restaurant at Second and Fremont in Las Vegas for it is open 24 hours a day. In keeping with the tradition of the town, the walls of this establishment are lined with paintings that show the gold rush days of '49.



Dale's Cellar, Alabama

Beef in Sour Cream

1 pound beef tenderloin, one-inch slices

Butter

4 ounces onions, sliced

2 ounces mushrooms

$\frac{1}{2}$ ounce sherry

Salt and pepper, to taste

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon monosodium glutamate

1 pint sour cream

Sauté beef slices in butter until lightly browned. Add onions and cook until clear. Add mushrooms, wine and seasonings. Cook over low flame for 10 minutes. Remove from pan and place in casserole.

Add enough sour cream to cover meat and bake 20 minutes in moderate oven.

Here a customer may select his own steak and view the preparation over the large charcoal and hickory pit visible from the dining room through a large plate glass window. At 1927 Seventh Avenue in Birmingham, Dale's is open for lunch and dinner every day except Sunday.

←painting of Dale's Cellar by Frances M. Stephenson

←painting of House of Sander by Louis Freund

House of Sander, Arkansas

Boiled Capon with Game Sauce

Prepare the capon as for roasting, leaving the bird whole. Place in a tightly covered saucepan with four cups water and allow to simmer until tender (about two hours). When the meat is tender, but not falling from the bone, remove from the liquid and make the sauce.

Sauce

3 tablespoons butter

1 wineglass Madeira wine

1 teaspoon lemon juice

1 teaspoon sugar

2 tablespoons flour

3 teaspoons House of Sander spiced salt

Strained capon liquid

Melt butter in saucepan. Add flour

and stir well, pour capon liquid in, stirring constantly, and allow to boil for a few minutes. Add remaining ingredients to gravy and blend. Return capon to gravy and simmer over a very low fire in a covered saucepan for 30 minutes. Serve sauce very hot in gravy boat.

Four miles north of Eureka Springs off State Highway 23 at Elk Ranch, this outstanding restaurant is open from 4:00 p.m. to midnight every day except Sunday. Reservations are necessary.



Morgan Hotel, West Virginia

Tenderloin of Beef with Fresh Mushrooms

- 1 pound tenderloin tips
- 4 tablespoons shortening
- 1 pound fresh mushrooms
- 1 cup flour
- Salt and pepper, to taste
- Dash cayenne pepper
- Dash Worcestershire sauce
- 3 cups beef stock

Season tenderloin tips with salt and pepper and roll in flour. Brown tips in shortening and then flour before adding beef stock; cook slowly until thickened. Slice mush-

rooms and sauté in butter, then combine with tips. Place in Dutch oven and cover. Bake in 250° oven for an hour. Serve either in casserole or on toast. A hearty meal for six.

The dining room at this modern hotel in Morgantown is open every day except Saturday from 7:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. and from 5:30 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.

←painting of Morgan Hotel by Charles Harper

←painting of Olney Inn by Robert Boston

Olney Inn, Maryland

Dolly Madison Cake

- 1 pound each of brown sugar, butter, flour, citron and finely chopped blanched almonds
- 2 pounds each of seeded raisins and currants
- 12 eggs
- 1 teaspoon each of allspice and soda
- 2 teaspoons each of cinnamon and cream of tartar
- 2 teaspoons nutmeg
- ½ cup molasses

Cream butter and sugar together. Add the well beaten egg yolks. Sift spices and flour and add alternately with the beaten egg whites. Add floured fruit. Cook in

greased-paper-lined pans in 250° oven for five hours.

A cake baked from a recipe handed down by a former President's wife is one of many unusual treats in store for you at this country inn at Olney, which is a pleasant ride from either Baltimore or Washington. Open for lunch and dinner every day except Monday.

GAME SECTION

What Is It?

Who says you can't combine flowers with a vegetable garden? Of course, by the time blossoms begin appearing on some plants it serves notice to the delinquent gardener that he didn't reap his harvest in time and that he's stuck with a collection of tough oversize vegetables, so he might as well enjoy the lovely blossoms. With other more obliging plants the flowers appear before picking time so that the grower has a double reward for his effort. There are examples of both types shown here and all you have to do is to name the vegetable plant that produces these blooms. All six correct classes you with the real dyed-in-the-wool gardeners. Answers on page 63.

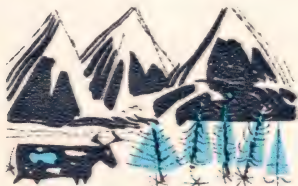
photographs by Willard Luce





Where Is It?

More states for you to identify. Check road maps and your memory before turning to the answers on page 63. You should get at least four of these!



1 Third Largest

The main range of the Rockies crosses the western part of this state . . . third largest in size . . . claimed by the French as part of the Mississippi Basin in 1682 . . . forests cover about a fifth of the area . . . mining, stock raising and farming the largest industries . . . U.S. 2, 10 or 87 will take you here . . . its name means "mountains" . . . location of Glacier National Park which boasts 60 glaciers and 200 lakes.



2 Cotton State

In 1540 DeSoto passed through here on an exploring expedition that ended in his death . . . at one time the home of a highly civilized group of mound builders . . .

Mound State Monument a tourist attraction . . . formed as a Territory in 1817 with the seat of government at St. Stephens . . . U.S. 11, 80 or 78 among the highways criss-crossing the state . . . "We Dare Defend Our Rights" its motto . . . noted for its cotton, iron ore and coal . . . largest public hunting area is the 40,000-acre Jordan Preserve.



3 Homestead Territory

One of the leading states in agriculture and livestock production . . . thirty-seventh to be admitted to the Union . . . eastern boundary explored by Lewis and Clark in 1804 . . . site of the Homestead National Monument which commemorates the first person to file a claim under the famous Homestead Law . . . follow U.S. 30, 6, 20 or 77 for this one . . . Wood Lake group of lakes center of some of the best fishing . . . one of the largest lead smelters in the world here.



4 Old Colony State

Abundant water power has made the state primarily industrial . . . whaling and shipping made the early fortunes . . . site of the greatest fishing port in the U.S. . . . granite is the chief mineral . . . earliest colony founded in 1602 on Cuttyhunk Island . . . home of the cranberry . . . turn your Ford onto U.S. 1, 3, 20 or 44 for this one . . . the first battles of the Revolutionary War were fought here.



5 Land of Enchantment

Under Spanish rule until 1821 . . . oil and natural gas the most important natural resources . . . became a state in 1912 . . . half a million people visit Carlsbad Caverns annually . . . follow U.S. 85, 60, 66 or 55 and you can't miss it . . . official flower is the yucca . . . part of land ceded by Mexico in 1848 . . . its dry sunny climate has made it a famous health resort.



6 Daniel Boone's Birthplace

Received its name from Charles II of England . . . possesses a tremendous wealth of minerals . . . before the white man the Algonquins were the main inhabitants . . . has been owned by The Netherlands, Sweden and Great Britain . . . ranks second in manufacturing . . . birthplace of Daniel Boone . . . you may visit such historic spots as Independence Hall, Valley Forge Park and Gettysburg Battlefield . . . U.S. 6, 11 and 1 among the main highways in this commonwealth.

ANSWERS

What Is It?

1. Onion
2. Radish
3. Carrot
4. Bean
5. Parsnip
6. Potato

Where Is It?

1. Montana
2. Alabama
3. Nebraska
4. Massachusetts (Boston, the greatest fishing port)
5. New Mexico
6. Pennsylvania

Contributors



Born in the rather flat country of Illinois and altogether too familiar with the plains because of following grain harvests as a hired hand, **RAY ATKESON** got started in photography when he was overwhelmed by the photogenic scenery of the Pacific Northwest. He now lives in Portland and does photographic assignments for national publications. He contributed to this issue the pictures accompanying "The King and the Kilowatt" on page 19.



"Granite and Mr. Gipson" (page 40) was written by **HOWARD PARSHLEY**, who is a college professor, a writer, and a professional musician. He has taught zoölogy at Smith College, Northampton,

Massachusetts, since 1917; has published about 400 articles on scientific subjects, and four books, one of which was translated into Spanish for the uplift of the Argentines; and is a double bass player who holds a membership card in Local 220, American Federation of Musicians. Mr. Parshley reports that he is a Republican, and a member of several learned societies, and that he has two children, a half dozen grandchildren, and has written a great deal on zoölogy.



RICHARD NEUBERGER wrote "Trek of the Rod Maker," page 34. He lives in Portland, Oregon, is Northwest correspondent for The New York Times, and is one of the country's best known reporters on the Northwest and Alaska. Actively interested in politics, he is a state senator in the Oregon legislature (in which his wife is a representative). Recently his book on the Lewis and Clark expedition, written for boys, was published by Random House and in a future issue of the **FORD TIMES**, Mr. Neuberger will report on the Lewis and Clark Highway.



Rainbow trout (above) and sunfish (below), two designs from "Eight Familiar Fish," by Charles Harper. Story page 31.



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Front cover—Snow geese and blue geese are harbingers of spring as they wing northward along the Central Flyway of the Mississippi and Missouri Valleys. Photograph taken by Wilford L. Miller.

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